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ORIGINAL.

AMBULATOR, No. 2.

“ OH Vanity ! thou fell forcerefs ! in what a situation am I placed by thy infernal charms ? Thou detested hag, who first prompted me to expose myself as an author to the sneers and gibes of an envious and ill-natured world ; who hast drawn upon me the hatred and contempt of Miss Charlotte, and “ all over whom she has any influence ; ” who hast given me the character of tippler, nocturnal reveller, and above all “ Woman hater ; ” thou hast so often been the source of my mortification, that I henceforth banish thee forever from my embrace.” I involuntarily broke out into the above apostrophe on the receipt of the following letter :—

Mr. Ambulator,

I was much pleased when I began your first number, particularly as you acknowledged the Ladies induced you to “ commence author ”—I was enjoying by anticipation a monthly feast of pleasure from perusing your pieces. But before I proceeded far, I found my expectations crossed, and began to suspect who you are.—If my suspicions are just (and they are in unison with many others) you are an Old Bachelor, who can enjoy more pleasure in the tavern with a bottle, than in the company of the Ladies—that if you should happen to be in their company, your chief delight is to

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store up ill-natured remarks, to be related to your companions at your nocturnal revels—that you are, in fine, a “Woman hater,” the most detestable of all animals breathing. If this is your character, pray cease your publications, nor any more annoy us with your “history of Fashion,” or any thing else to wound female delicacy. If I am mistaken, be so good as to let us know who you are, but unaccompanied with *attempted satire*, or be assured you will not enjoy the “pleasure of giving satisfaction to the Ladies.” Had you proceeded in a proper manner, I might have become a correspondent myself, but you have lost my friendship and esteem, nor need you expect the least approbation from myself, or any over whom I have the least influence.

CHARLOTTE.

It was not my intention to have informed my readers what my situation is, it being of little consequence, provided my numbers meet their approbation; but as it is required of me I must comply: I am indeed a Bachelor, not from inclination, but necessity; never having been able to make any impression on the heart of a female, with whom I could spend my days in that connubial bliss which forms a “Paradise below.” Yet I am so far from being a “Woman hater,” that I have a presentiment, many days of happiness in the married state are yet in store for me. Whilst reflecting on this subject, I often exclaim with L’Enclus,—

“Had I the fortune to win a heart, with what parsimony would I use my advantage! How many gradations would I oblige myself to pass through successively! How many delicate pleasures unknown to the generality of men, would I, as it were create to myself! Like the miser, I would incessantly contemplate my treasure; rejoice in the richness of it; be conscious that it constituted my highest felicity; place my whole scheme of happiness in the possession of it, in looking upon it as my own peculiar property, in being the absolute disposer of it, and yet strengthen myself in the resolution not to lessen it by use. What transport, to read in the eyes

of a lovely Woman, the dominion you have over her ! to observe in all her actions relative to you, a still increasing tenderness ! to perceive her voice assume a softer tone whenever she speaks of, or to you ! to view her blushes, even upon a compliment of course ; and to triumph in her confusion upon any particular address. Can there be a situation on earth, more flattering than that of a lover conscious of a reciprocal flame ? and what further proof can he require than instances like those ? How charming to be expected with an impatience that her whole prudence cannot conceal ! to be received with a welcome, which charms the more by the endeavors she makes, in part, to hide her transport ! She has dressed herself to your taste ; takes the very mien, the accent, the whole air of a person who is known to be most agreeable to you. Before, she used to adorn herself to charm your sex in general ; at present, her toilet is spread for you alone ! for you these jewels, this ribbon, that bracelet are put on ! You, the sole object of her attire ; you are her second self ! She loves you over again in her own image !"

But whilst transcribing the picture, the image is so strongly imprinted on my mind, that *ideal* raptures overpower me !—I must desist.

I have received a *dashing* letter from JACK DASH, giving a long account of a party "of which he made one ;" but as the scenes he paints, are mere repetitions of his prodigality, such as breaking glasses, riding horses to death, &c. and as some expressions might cause a blush on the cheek of Modesty, he must be satisfied with this notice of him. I will, however, present him with a mirror, in which per chance, he may see some of his features—and leave him to his own reflections.

"Mr. Donothing, set out to cut a figure in the world. He laid great plans, as is frequently the case with those who execute but small ones. He was determined to be rich without labor—run in debt for a large quantity of goods—opened a store in the country—hired two hands to tend it—trusted largely—kept fine horses—rode a-

bout like a man of consequence, or strutted about the streets with his umbrella—dressed gay and lived high. Why not? fine cloaths, good liquors, loaf sugar and acid, were very handy—only behind the counter; and credit was good yet. But the tables were soon turned. Donothing's creditors found out that his expences were greater than his income.—He is called upon to settle his accounts—is found five hundred pounds in the rear. Nobody will trust him.—Nobody will help him.—Nobody pities him.—He is cast in prison, there to remain until he has paid the uttermost farthing.—Donothing rusts in jail!"

CHARACTER OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

By ALLAN B. MAGRUDER ESQ.

(Concluded from page 115.)

THE candor of amicable negotiation, is too frequently the victim of court intrigue and of diplomatic ceremony. There was no cabinet that afforded more pretensions for both, than the court of Louis the 16th. To mislead, to bribe, and to corrupt, by all the arts of chicanery and deceit, constituted the peculiar skill of every minister, and were the preliminaries of every negotiation. When Mr. Jefferson went to France, he carried with him the friendly views of a people whose simplicity had not been corrupted, and whose manners, founded upon that candor which flows from an elevated freedom, disdained the licentiousness of a court, that was calculated to embarrass and betray. Arrived there, it was very reasonable to suppose, that the recent dismemberment of the American colonies from Great Britain, and the natural inveteracy which had for ages, existed between the cabinets of France and England, would have been the means of depreciating the popularity of our negociator. Mr. Jefferson at an early period of his residence at the court of the former, foresaw, with the intuitive eye of sagacity, what he might reasonably expect from the opposition of the latter.

His unshaken integrity, however, his candor and impartiality, were the grounds, for fair dealings from all parties. They not only inspired the friendship and confidence of the Count de Montmorin, the venal minister of a corrupted court, but of that party, who from sentiment, felt favorably disposed towards the American revolution. This could only be the result of a principle, which with courts as well as with individuals gives to character the impulse of involuntary respect, when it is found to be invulnerable, to unjust calumny and reproach. Were the views of the French cabinet disclosed? Mr. Jefferson studied them. The first cause and the probable effect, were the direct objects of investigation. Were they hid from his immediate inspection? He assumed the powers and the language of prophecy; predicted with the sagacity of an ingenious mind, and unfolded, as far as the comprehension and the nature of things, would permit. Accustomed to judge of men, more by their actions than their professions, and constantly in the habit of regulating himself by the former, the courtly language of dissimulation, made no impression on him. It was by a display of those qualifications, so little looked for, in the ambassador of a rustic people, that he preserved his own, and the dignity of the nation, he represented. Recalled to fill the department of state, he left France after having rendered to his country, as much service by his abilities, as he had bestowed honor on himself, by the combination of the various qualities of integrity, sagacity and prudence. He quit it, leaving on the mind of the nation, these sentiments of veneration and respect, which have not been erased by the recent convulsions of state.

There was no character perhaps in America, more eminently calculated to fill the department of state, than Mr. Jefferson. Few men who have travelled at all, have travelled with more advantage; and possessed a greater capacity of receiving improvement, from this mode of it, than him. The genius of each nation, its particular customs and manners, and the great relative interests which regulated the policy of courts, were

subjects, with which, he was acquainted ; and eminently fitted him, to fill a department, the peculiar organ of their communications. Controversy, which so frequently betrays the fallibility of the understanding, because it begets intemperance, never makes him a victim to the designs of his opponents. He listens to his arguments with scrupulous attention ; draws new sources of information from conflicting principles ; and if he is animated at all, it is with the discovery of a new truth. There are, perhaps, few men better calculated always to triumph and always to leave upon the mind, at least the most favourable impressions, if not the most decisive conviction. This is not difficult to account for, when applied to Mr. Jefferson ; because few men, like him, deserve the application. He never hazards an opinion without the authority of experience, and the conviction of reason. Travel and observation have matured the one, and extensive application and reflection, have invigorated the other. His principles, therefore, convey the strongest impressions ; which he enforces by logical deduction and mathematical precision, drawn from an expanded intellect, that separates with infinite facility, the purity of truth, from the grosser materials of error.

When citizen Genet, the ex-minister of Robespierian fanaticism, appeared in America, he attempted to impose his new philosophy of light and liberty upon the government. He had nothing to boast of, on the score of superior diplomatic skill. His communications to the secretary of state, were evidently of the tampering kind. They were impressed with all the marks of that enthusiastic insanity, which regulated the councils of the faction ; and which, were calculated to mistake their object, by disgusting their intended victims. The mind of Mr. Jefferson, discovered itself, in an early period of his correspondence with the French minister. The communications of Genet were decorated with all the flowers of eloquence, without the force and conviction of rhetorical energy. Accustomed to diplomatic calculation, and intimately combining cause with effect, Mr. Jefferson apprehended the subject, with strength

and precision; considered it—developed it—viewed it on all sides—listened to every appeal, and attended to every charge—and in every communication, burst forth with a strength of refutation, that at once detected and embarrassed, the disappointed minister of a wily and fanatic faction.

It is, in most instances, useless to oppose enthusiasm with the deliberate coolness of reason and argument.—They are the antipodes of each other; and of that imperious nature, which mutually solicit triumph and disdain reconciliation. The tyranny of the Robespierian principles, were calculated to inveigle within the vortex of European politics, the American government and people. The coolness and sagacity of the secretary of state, composed their defence and protection.—The appeal was mutually made to the government;—and it is a fortunate circumstance, that there existed this tribunal to approbate the measures of the secretary, and to silence forever, the declamatory oracle of an insidious faction. Checked and defeated on all sides, his doctrines stripped of their visionary principles, and himself betrayed into the labyrinth of diplomatic mystery, their ex-divinity, shrunk into the silence of contempt; declaring with his last breath, that Mr. Jefferson was the only man in America, whose talents he highly respected.

The diplomatic contest with Genet, was not the only one, which drew forth into action, the splendid abilities of Mr. Jefferson. The American world was for some time, amused, with the communications of the English minister, Hammond. Their object is too well known, to require delineation. It was a contest between the antiquated principles of a rotten monarchy, deluded by the fallacious idea of effecting a triumph, and the newly acquired maxims of the republican philosophy. The communications of Hammond, were stamped with the original dulness and stupidity of their author. Incapable of convicting by the energy of argument, the importance of the minister was maintained, by the length and number of his letters; and by that rigid persever-

ance, which was calculated to irritate and disgust. Tired with the correspondence, the secretary of state appears to have collected together the united energies of his mind, in a single letter, of considerable length, wherein he combines with infinite skill, the erudition of the counsellor, the wisdom of the politician, and the sagacity of diplomatic ingenuity. No longer deluded by the dreams of triumph, Hammond in a short time went home, to kiss the aristocratical hand that makes him a slave; and Mr. Jefferson, to seek that repose in retirement, which his laborious attention, to the duties of his office seemed to demand.

Mr. Jefferson appears, from the incomparable felicity of his temper, to have arrived at the most elevated height of philosophy. He has not escaped the misfortune, if it is one, of having enemies, to depreciate his virtues and calumniate his principles. These virtues have frequently furnished pretences for the bitterest calumny. The equanimity of his temper, however never fell a victim, to the unmanly provocatives, which so often disturb little minds. His contempt for unjust censure, his dignified reserve, beneath the insolence of ministerial loquacity and his unshaken serenity, whilst the whole political world is moving around him, marks a soul capable of holding calamity in defiance. Viewing mankind as they really are, biassed by passion, swayed by prejudice, and with ears continually open to the invocations of individual interest, he stands aloof in the tenement of his own exalted mind, and like Jupiter from Olympus, surveys with serenity and silence the fate of empires. It is well known, however, that his enemies are of that obsequious tribe of court parasites, who move in the inferior circles of respectability, and feel the influence of talents, which they seek to decry by the arts of petulance and loquacity.

He has sufficient knowledge of human nature, to know that this is the involuntary tribute of envy, and is consoled; that it is the medium for the inculcation of truth, and is satisfied; that he is not conscious of deserving of reproach; and is silent. Surely the man who

can preserve such equanimity of temper, who can maintain the composure of his mind, and listen to unmerited reproach without the consciousness of deserving it, surely such a man is intitled to the first place in our esteem. They are attributes, which few men possess; are the productions of the most difficult of all attainments, the knowledge and esteem of ourselves, and flow from an elevated philosophy, that seeks tranquility, in conscious rectitude; which teaches forbearance, whilst it refines our knowledge of human nature, and views the conflicting passions of mankind, as connected with the destiny of social life. To descend from this dignified sphere of human reason, like the pagan Gods from Olympus, to participate in the conflicts of an inferior order of beings, would be doing violence to the sanctuary of philosophy. His enemies may desire it; and seek an occasion for that triumph which pertinacious mediocrity sometimes acquires, over the sublimity of genius.

He feels the most complete security in the celestial sanctuary of self-applause; in the steady discharge of the duties committed to his care; in an inflexibility to ill, and in the obstinacy of justice. The arts of malice and the rude voice of faction assail him in vain. The senseless clamours of his enemies make no impression on him. He appears invulnerable to the shafts of malignity which fall every where around him, blunted by the invincible dignity of his character and the respectability of his talents.

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY OF MARIA ARNOLD.

(Concluded from page 118.)

THE wind sighed through the Yew trees, and the face of nature seemed to darken with oppressive gloom. We entered the church, where, after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun.—A calm re-

signation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold ; and as he pronounced the service, a kind of divine enthusiasm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his speech would falter, and the tear would fill his eye, and I witnessed many an effort to suppress the tender emotions of his soul. He had proceeded a considerable way in the service and the corpse was made ready to be laid into the grave, when suddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed vehemently in. His aspect was hurried and wild, he exclaimed in a loud but convulsive tone of voice, "Where is Maria? Think not to wrest her from me, I will see her once more—I come to die with thee, my love. Stand off ye inhuman wretches—off, and give me way." He then broke through the crowd, which had opposed him, and seeing the coffin he started some paces backwards—"Help me, she is murdered!" he exclaimed; "my gentle love is murdered!" and throwing himself on the coffin, he became speechless with agony. It was with the utmost difficulty we tore him from it—he struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length having liberated himself, he paused a moment—then striking his forehead with his hand, muttered, "I will—'tis fit it should be so;" and darting furiously through the aisle, disappeared. But scarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years. "Come on thou wretched author of my being!" he exclaimed, "come, see the devastation thou hast made!" and compelled him to approach the coffin, "Look," he said, "see! where she bleeds beneath thy ruthless arm! Oh my deserted love! see'st thou not how she supplicates thy mercy!—Perdition! but I will not curse thee, O my father, I will not curse thee—" So saying he threw himself on the coffin. The old man in the mean time, became the very picture of horror; his hair stood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth struck each other—he looked first upon the coffin, and then upon his son, and racked with pity and remorse, he at last burst into tears. "Have compassion on me, my

"son!" he cried, "kill not thy father."—"It is enough" said the youth, slowly lifting up his head—"It is enough my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to arise; and Arnold, after some time, concluded the ceremony.

You may naturally conceive our consternation, Sir, during the dreadful scene, and how much it would shock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the first tumult had ceased, conducted himself with all that dignity and mildness of manner so peculiarly engaging in his character.—Old Stafford and his son, who was with difficulty persuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parsonage. Their appearance had been occasioned by a letter written by Miss Stafford to her brother, mentioning the situation of Maria, her miscarriage, indisposition, and the treatment she had met with; and irritated to the highest degree, he immediately left the continent, and arrived at his father's house early on the same day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n hall, and Henry insisted upon his father's accompanying him immediately to the curate's; as his presence would be necessary for the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Stafford was much averse to the measure; but as his son's health had been lately upon the decline, and his present agitated state contributed greatly to increase his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his request, still hoping to avoid so unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruysd—le, they drove to the parsonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria and that the burial service was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry rushed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords having continued a couple of days at the parsonage, returned to H—t—n hall. Young Stafford's health is still very bad, and we are apprehensive he will fall a sacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whose remorse is now as excessive as it is fruitless.

I shall stay here a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in some degree mitigated the pressure of

his misfortune. I find also melancholy pleasure in visiting the many scenes in this neighbourhood whose romantic and sequestered beauty gave employment to the pencil and the taste of Maria, and I am now finishing this hasty sketch on the banks of the rapid Sw——le, and under the shelter of an oak, whose antique branches throw a broad and ample gloom athwart his surface ;—turbulent he pours along beneath yon scowling precipice—he rises from his bed, and wild his gloomy spirit shrieks. Here, Sir, can I indulge the fervour of my imagination—here can I call upon the fleeting forms of fancy—I can here hold converse with Maria ; and yielding to the pensive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling storm.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CATHARINA I, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WOMEN, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves but to soften ours — Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation ; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of our intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity ; and when they stray beyond the sphere, are consequently without grace.

Fame therefore has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserve to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause ; while many who have been an honor to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present—the Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being

dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw ; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labor of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself.—While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit and read some book of devotion.—Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fire side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind—Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but solid turn of thought, not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitudes of marriage from the peasants of the country, but their offers were refused. For she loved her mother too tenderly to think of separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died ; she now therefore left her cottage and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In this house she resided in quality of governess to his children ; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family ; thus she continued to improve until he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. These calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor ; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence.—Provisions became every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely extinguished, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of great plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodgings for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina—The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Culck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendant of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters—and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex not only in virtue but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time, offered her his hand, which to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherways disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking;—The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh: The unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor but still was free—she was now to conform to her hard fate and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation, reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general—he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty improved every day with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions,

and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately requested the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all.

The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design—their nuptials were solemnized in private ;—the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low mudwalled cottage, empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth.—The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smiles. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne ; and while the extraordinary Prince her husband, labored for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood ; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

SUPERSTITION.

The following instance of the superstition of the natives of Bengal, is taken from the Journal of a Gentleman, who saw the ceremony performed.

AMONG the many superstitious ceremonies practised by the natives of the East-Indies, the manner in which an Hindoo expiates his crimes, is perhaps the most astonishingly singular.

When any serious misfortune happens to an Hindoo, it is supposed to be in consequence of his having offended his God, and it is customary for him to make application to a Bramin, to know the will of the Deity, and in what manner he can appease his wrath. If his crimes have been very heinous, and he is not able to atone for them, by paying a certain sum of money for the support of the Pagoda, the Bramin tells him, that the God requires he should do penance, by inflicting punishment upon himself, according to the rules of the church. This poor, innocent, deluded wretch, believes the order of the Bramin, to be the oracle from Heaven, and accepts of the terms of reconciliation with his maker, with the utmost effusions of joy. He ardently solicits the assistance of the Bramin to perform the ceremony, and gives him every farthing he is worth, for the kind intercession he has made. Matters being thus settled, he prepares himself for the sacrifice he is about to make, by retiring to a Pagoda, where for eight days he has no other nourishment than a quart of Rice—during this time he has no intercourse with the world; his sole employment is counting his beads.

At the expiration of eight days, he is supposed to be sufficiently cleansed to appear before the mighty Brahma—he is then led out following his God, who is carried on a litter, attended by the Bramin and musicians. The procession moves slowly on with solemn pomp, to the place where the punishment is to be inflicted, which is always where four principal streets meet. The litter is here set down, and in front of the God a stage is erected, in which is fixed a large post—to this post a spar is attached, which by the help of braces is moved in any direction. The criminal ascends to the top of the stage—the spar is lowered down, and two large iron hooks are fixed in to his back; the hooks are made fast to the spar, by strong cords; he then takes a basket of flowers in his hand, and at a signal given, he is hoisted forty feet into the air—the trumpets now sound—the tam tam beats, and the Heavens re-echo with the cries of the multitude—in this manner, hanging by the flesh of

his back, he remains for fifteen minutes—during all this time, there was not the least appearance of fear pictured in his countenance, or the least visible sign of pain—he seemed to exult in his sufferings, and like the martyrs of old, bled for the glory of God—his penance was in the presence of his Deity, and his offerings were the flowers from his basket. As these fell to the ground, the multitude with enthusiastic madness, fought to gather them. The time of his penance being elapsed, he is let down, the hooks are taken out of his back, a little skin is put in the wound, and he is led home amidst the acclamations of his friends. He has now made his peace with his Maker, and is taught to believe he is going to enjoy uninterrupted felicity.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT
OF THE
ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From his flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1793.]

WHEN my ill state of health drove me again to Pyrmont last summer, to drink of its salutary spring, my beloved wife, being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the most pleasing accounts of her health, and the assurance that she had no wish but for my return. How ardently I participated in this wish may be easily imagined! I, therefore, eagerly embraced the first moments when it was possible to escape from the medical yoke, and flew to her arms.—This was the beginning of September. Our first interview was at Gotha. She came thither to meet me.—My transport at beholding her, our first embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifesting pure health and content, the animation that sparkled from her eyes—how present are all these ideas to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! Fain would

my pen describe them in equally glowing colours!—But words are unequal to the task! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more passed on. I saw, without alarm, the moment approach when I was to be presented with a new pledge of our love, since no reason for alarm then appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger—I persuaded my Frederica to take a walk with me almost every day, in the beautiful park at Weimar, which was indeed her favourite resort. How have we strolled about there arm in arm, in sweet conversation, building castles in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the past, and enjoying the present!—Sometimes talking about our absent friends, amusing ourselves with speculations on what they might be about at that moment, what, and when, they should write to us, or where, and when, we should see them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a stage—have we often stood or sat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, may the sweetest, the most refreshing dew, fall upon ye, every morning, ye trees and flowers, for you were witnesses of my happiness! Ever mayest thou flourish and look gay, thou verdant turf, for thou hast been pressed by the footsteps of my beloved wife! How would she laugh when our William would sometimes stand upon his head, and set the little dog barking with comic eagerness at so unusual a sight! Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely spot!

Often too, have we visited Belvedere and Tieffurth, country seats near Weimar. There did we sit under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather still so warm—that altho' in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, whereas at home we were always creeping to the fire. These little excursions were always so pleasant to her, that in every the most minute incident she found a source of delight.

About a month before her confinement, she accompanied me to Leipzick fare. She was on that day uncommonly cheerful and animated, and at our return home assured me, that she never in her life enjoyed any thing of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world afford than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a constant reciprocation of pure and innocent happiness, did the hours pass on, till the moment approached of which neither of us entertained the least apprehension. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health—her only medicine was strawberries, and never since our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a single *dreyer*.

At length on the eleventh of November, she was safely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the first three days she was remarkably well, and was all life and animation, laughing and assuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, she said, had she been so well—never in the first three days, felt a like appetite, or a like freedom from pain. In short, every thing seemed to promise her speedy recovery, and the little cloud which must at such a period inevitably for a moment, darken the horizon, seemed entirely dispersed. Such was her own opinion, as well as that of all around her. Ah? were there then on earth a mortal happier than I! The whole creation seemed mine, and I its sovereign! Who could suppose that these were to be the last happy days of my life.

(To be continued.)

ITALIAN PROVERBS.

HE that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others.

Keep good men company, & fall not out with the bad.

Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cured.

Have money, and you will find kindred enough.

The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used.